

as the mire of the streets." (ch. ix. 3.) But her riches only served to make her proud and to exult in the misfortune of her neighbours; accordingly we find the prophet Ezekiel thus instructed:—"Son of man, because that Ezekiel hath said against Jerusalem, Aha, she is broken that was the glory of the people; she is turned unto me; I shall be replenished, now she is laid waste: Therefore thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I am against thee, O Tyrus, and will cause many nations to come up against thee, as the sea causeth his waves to come up." ("This," says Archbishop Newcome, "is one of the most beautiful and expressive images which occur in the magnificent prophecy here recorded.") "And they shall destroy the walls of Tyrus, and break down her towers, I will also scrape her dust from her, and make her like the top of a rock." (ch. xvi. 2, 3, 4.) And again, "I will make thee like the top of a rock, thou shalt be a place to spread nets upon, thou shalt be built no more." (v. 14.) It is then expressly foretold that Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, should come up against it with a large army. This prediction was fulfilled; but the place was so strong, and the besieged defended their city with such skill, that the Babylonian army lay encamped before it for thirteen years. St. Jerome states that when the Tyrians saw that the city was about to be taken, they conveyed away all their valuable property on board their ships and sailed away, so that Nebuchadnezzar found nothing in the deserted city to reward him for his long siege. This disappointment is expressly alluded to in Ezekiel:—"Son of man, Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, caused his army to serve at war against Tyros; every head was made bald and every shoulder was peeled; yet had he no wages, nor his army for Tyrus, for the service that he had served against it." (ch. xix. v. 18.) His recompense was Egypt. Tyre was taken 573 B.C.; and some writers, and among them St. Jerome, imagine that the inhabitants fled to Carthage, which they had founded, while Darius Ptolemaeus supposes that they took refuge on the island close at hand, and built the new city which was afterwards destroyed by Alexander the Great. It must soon have exhibited signs of activity, as it appears to have risen rapidly into a flourishing city. Its situation was more favourable than the ancient city, from its insular position, and from its being also well fortified. The sea between the island and the continent formed two spacious harbours. When the Macedonian here came before the city, he found that it was likely to withstand all his efforts to take it, as long as it maintained its insular form, and was supported by a numerous fleet. He, therefore, formed and carried into effect the vast idea of moiling the island to the mainland by means of a mole. Quintus Curtius calls the sea a very deep one, but the Arabian says its depth was only three fathoms. Alexander formed his mole with incredible labour and diligence, notwithstanding the desperate opposition of the Tyrians, and for the materials he employed the names of old Tyre ("magna via exorum ad mœnem erat, Tyro veteris probante," Qu. Cur.), and with these he built a causeway 200 feet wide, extending from the continent to the city. A passage in Ezekiel appears to foretell this remarkable fact. "And they shall break down thy walls and destroy thy pleasant houses, and they shall lay thy stones and thy timber and thy dust in the midst of the water." (ch. xvi. v. 12.) Alexander captured the city, employing fire, after seven months' resistance. (332 a.c.) Zechariah, at Babylon, is, v. 4, had prophesied: "Behold the Lord will resist her out, and he will smite her power in the sea, and she shall be devoured with fire." The prophet Amos also thus foretells, "I will send a fire on the wall of Tyris, which shall devour the pillars thereof." (ch. i. v. 10.) The conqueror behaved with great cruelty to the inhabitants, slew 8,000 in the burning, crucified 2,000 of them, and sold 30,000 into slavery; which was a retribution; since the Tyrians had sold some of the captive Israelites; and the prophet Joel had foretold that their recompense should return upon their own head. (ch. iii. v. 7.) "Because ye have taken my silver and my gold, and have carried into your temples my goodly pleasant things. The children also of Judah and the children of Jerusalem have sold into the Grecians, that ye might remove them far from your border." The 28th chapter of

Ezekiel gives a glowing description of the magnificence of Tyre, and Sirah and Arrian speak of the beauty and prodigious height of the houses; the walls were 150 cubits high; there were two famous temples to Jupiter and Hercules.

Its present forlorn appearance is a sad contrast to its ancient splendour. Bruce says, "Passing by Tyre, from curiosity only, I came to be a sorrowful witness of the truth of that prophecy, that Tyre, the queen of nations, should be a rock for fishers to dry their nets on,—two wretched fishermen with miserable nets had just given over their occupation." All modern travellers agree in their account of its desolate state.

G. R. F.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE NEW ROYAL EXCHANGE.

At the meeting of the Corporation of London for improving the approaches to London-bridge, held on the 12th instant, the deputation appointed to confer with the Commissioners of Metropolitan Improvements, on the question of obtaining further space at the east end of the New Royal Exchange, made their report.

The deputation consisted of Mr. R. L. Jones, the chairman of the Royal Exchange Committee; Mr. W. Lawrence, and Mr. R. Taylor, attended by Mr. Tyrell, the Remembrancer; and Mr. Tite, the architect of the new building.

It appeared that the deputation had had several interviews with the Commissioners, and that they submitted their plans or suggestions for these improvements.

The first suggestion was to make an opening in Fench-lane, the same in character as that which was made in Fleet-street, called St. Bride's passage, but wider, the width of the Fench-lane opening being proposed at 60 feet from house to house, and 30 feet between the shops.

The second suggestion proposed the same opening, but included the widening of the main street at the east end of the Exchange to 60 feet, instead of 46 feet 6 inches as at present.

The third plan proposed the taking down of Fench-lane altogether, and the construction of a new street 70 feet wide at the east end of the Exchange in its place. All the plans contained a suggestion for widening Threadneedle-street from the Royal Exchange up to Merchant Tailors' Hall.

The application on the part of the Corporation was supported by a memorial from the merchants, bankers, brokers, and traders of the city. This memorial was signed by all the first names in the city.

In opposition to further improvements to this quarter, Madeline College appeared by their steward, Mr. Blagrove, and Mr. Sheriff alone, their tenant.

The Commissioners, it appeared, determined that a more extended space at the east end of the New Royal Exchange would greatly conduce to the effect of the building, and the convenience of those who are so frequent in it; but that, looking to the numerous and important claims upon any funds which might be provided by the Legislature for improvements in the metropolis, they could not feel justified in recommending to Her Majesty or to Parliament that any advance of money from public resources, or from local taxation, should be made for this purpose.

SINGULAR DISCOVERY OF COPPER ORE.—It is a well-known fact that copper mining in Cornwall is of comparatively recent origin, and that the mines in this county were, at no very remote period, worked only for tin, the copper ore being considered as useless, and consequently, thrown aside. A singular confirmation of this lately occurred in widening the road in the neighbourhood of Chacewater. Captain Davies, the contractor, in removing the old hedges, perceived among the stones of the metropolis, which he was employed in recommending to Her Majesty or to Parliament that any advance of money from public resources, or from local taxation, should be made for this purpose.

ANDREW CROSSE, THE ELECTRICIAN.

Is, when you come to the village of Kingston, about three miles and a half from Tooting, you turn upon your right into a road and narrow lane, you will soon find yourself climbing with toil a difficult and very steep hill; the road is rough, and the edges meeting overhead give it an aspect of profound gloom. But by day, in the summer time, it is deliciously cool and shady, and a very wilderness of wild-flowers—the foxglove, the woodbine, the dog-rose, the ragged-robin, decorate the banks and make the hedges fragrant. By night—for many times have we dragged the descent when the outline of the hand could not be traced if held before the eyes—this lane is enlivened by the songs of many nightingales, and the glow-worms light up their love-torches on every green slope. Having conquered this hill, a turn off the road on your left conducts you to a park adorned with fine beeches, on one side of which you behold a sheet of water, with a shrubbery in the back ground, whose very aspect invites you to trespass in it. All this you see as you walk under houghs that overshadow the road; and if you are a stranger to the place and its owner, you will wonder what can be the meaning of the mast-like poles fixed at the top of the very loftiest of the trees, by which a line (so it appears) is carried round the park till it is lost in the shrubbery. A little further onward you see a small village green, with a very odd tree in the centre, surrounded by a few cottages; before you the road winds about the shoulder of a steep, and a bit of horse broke; the breeze blows upon you from a distant channel, which you smell, though you cannot see it from the spot, and you have the light buoyant feeling of being upon a high hill. Step boldly over the mossy lawn, you will scarcely disturb the rabbits that are feeding and sporting there in conscious security. Knock fearlessly at the door; the votaries of science are always welcome there. Your name? your station? your calling? your property? Trouble not yourself about any of these things, nor hope thus to commend yourselves to the inmates. You are a man, you have a mind, you generate science, even if you know little of it; these are your passports into that mansion. Are you a stranger? You will not at once be so:

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." In ten minutes you feel as if you had been acquainted with your land and creature here for twenty years. Have you asked the thing? He sets before you a profuse luncheon and his choicest cider. Such cider! bright, sparkling, luscious! The gods would have preferred it to their nectar, especially if they had toiled up that steep hill on a hot summer day.

Your generous entertainer attracts you to gaze as much as you politely may. Probably you have seen his portrait in the Polytechnic Institution, and you recognize the likeness.

He is now in his velvet jacket, his laboratory costume; his frame is made for activity; light, but muscular, having not an ounce of superfluous fat, with a trifling snout at the shoulders; his face, too, is thin and long, with a fine forehead, grey eyes, bushy brows, a well-shaped nose, and a pointed chin. In expression is highly intellectual, with an air of seeming melancholy, which is in fact one of thought; but a lengthened gaze discovers in it a lurking propensity for fun, which continually peeps out at the corners of his eyes and in the curls of his lips. His hair is brown, partially silvered by age, which is betrayed only there, for his gait and countenance have all the liveliness and energy of youth; his step is springy, his voice cheerful, his aspect that of one who enjoys good health and its attendant good spirits. Such, duly outlined we must confess, is the personal appearance of Andrew Cross.

Had you never before heard that name, or if you had not known that you were about to visit one who had distinguished himself in the pursuits of science, you would then discover, if you had the eye of an observer, that you are in the company of a man of genius; that you are conversing with one who has thought for himself, and refused to subject his mind to the chains of authority, and to bow before the dicta of schools.

The presence of genius you discover in Andrew Cross, before you have conversed with him a quarter of an hour. The talk of most men, even of those who are reputed wise